

Southwest Sentinel.

ALLAN H. MACDONALD,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

Subscription Rates.
Three months \$3.00
Six months \$5.00
One year \$9.00
Invariably in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.
One inch one line \$1.00
Five inch one line \$5.00
Ten inch one line \$10.00
Twenty inch one line \$20.00
Special rates for long term contracts.
Entered at the postoffice at Silver City, N. M., as second-class matter.

It seems rather ridiculous that local mail from Central and Fort Bayard to the County seat should have to travel 100 miles to reach here when these places are only nine miles away from us. If our people would make an effort we could certainly secure a local mail route between these points, to the great convenience of everybody concerned.

No action has yet been taken by the board of regents of the Agricultural college as to the appointment of a principal to succeed Professor Hadley. A special meeting of the board was held last week when the matter came up, but it was postponed till the regular meeting in March. It is understood that the board at present stands: three in favor of Register McCrea, one in favor of Professor Hadley, and one in favor of a departmental man at Washington.

SOME of our people have been hurrying to secure Columbian stamps as souvenirs of 1893 before these marvellous productions were exhausted. They may save their money for awhile. The post office here has just received of this issue 60,000 two cent and 20,000 one cent stamps besides an assortment of other denominations. Three million dollars worth of these was the last quantity ordered by the government and as they were not sold during 1893 the department is now unloading them on to the post offices, and the latter must unload them on the public. The quantity just received here will run this office at least till next autumn.

THE Eastern republican press in fighting tariff reform has made a strong point of the alleged fact that the effect that the measure was having was to turn many workmen out of employment. This is true in a way. But here is one instance to show the way in which it is done. The Kusby & Mattison Company, of Ambler, has posted in its works a public notice to its employees, requesting those of them who are in sympathy with the Wilson Bill to hand in their resignations to the superintendent. The freedom-loving instincts of the masses will resent such intimidation, and recoil from the political party and policy which prompts employers to attempt it.

THE Headlight last week had the following in the editorial column: It is rumored that Grant County will have a candidate to the United States senatorship after New Mexico is admitted to statehood.

Yes, and from what prominent democrats in the city say, we would guess his initials to be Hon. John W. F.—Enterprise.

The initials hardly disguise a reference to Major John W. Fleming. He has been so taken up with important private affairs of late that it will doubtless come as a surprise to him that his fellow citizens are looking forward to showering political honors and preferment on him, but such public burdens will fall on those who give a large share of their time and labor to the public welfare.

Is it not about time that our people set about devising some practical steps for meeting the necessary expenses of the County? The income is not large enough to begin to pay the County's expenses on the most rigidly economical basis, and yet the County must keep on running. The present board of County Commissioners closely scrutinizes every bill and practices every economy, but no effort of economy will meet the case, more money must be raised, the present income for 1894 can by no device be made to pay the absolutely necessary expenses. What plan will our people adopt to raise the further needed money? It rests with them to it.

Cattle Notes.

Over 600,000 cattle are annually slaughtered to make beef extract for soup.

Feeding stock is cheap now. Therefore a now is the time to lay the foundation of a herd.

Considerable snow has fallen throughout Big Valley and all the cattlemen are feeding—the Alturas Herald is informed.

Cattlemen, says the Oshoco Review, Crook county, Oregon, are rustling, getting their cattle close to feed.

The Alturas Herald thinks on account of the Midwinter Fair it looks as if the price of beef will be higher in a short time.

A Polled Angus heifer owned by J. Fletcher, of Rossmore, Scotland, took the champion prize as the best animal in the annual fat stock show recently held in London.

Prejudice against anything except dark red shorthorn cattle seems to have exhausted itself. The prize Canadian herd at the World's Fair confined not only rams but pure white cattle.

M. Able of big valley, Lassen County, was in the neighborhood of Alturas recently interviewing our stockraisers with a view of purchasing a band of cattle to ship to the San Francisco market.

Montana marketed over 200,000 head of cattle last year, an increase of 25,000 over last year. The total money received by the stockraisers for the season's business is estimated at about \$6,000,000.

The modern art of preparing cattle for market is not to obtain mountains of mere fat, but to produce an animal which shall yield a large proportion of lean and seasonable meat.

The disease which is killing the Tygh Valley, Or., cattle is black-leg, but it only attacks fat and young cattle. The cattle are now as fat as they usually are in summer, and nothing can be done in the way of treatment for fear of their taking cold by the operation, which is severe.

Colonel Hardin, who has extensive cattle interests in Nevada says that the present holding of cattle which are feeding will average only about one-half in weight and three fifths in number as compared in number with those fed in former years. He looks to see beef cattle bring eight cents in the market before April 1st, owing to the poor prospects.

A carload of cattle from the ranch of J. S. Hutchins, Central House, was shipped from Gridley to San Jose on Wednesday.

Six cars of cattle from A. C. Willey consigned to Polly, Heilborn & Co., San Francisco, and one car of cattle from M. Michaels going to Rocklin were shipped west Saturday.

The New Mexico Stock Grower says: There are quite a number of reported trades of sheep for cattle, by sheepmen who have become dissatisfied with the industry since the recent slump in wool values. It is possible that these same men will find, when too late, that there is a vast difference between the management of cattle and sheep, and that they had better have stuck to the vocation that has filled the purse. Selling sheep when low and buying cattle when high is not likely to prove a paying investment unless the purchaser is thoroughly conversant with the business and is surrounded by favorable circumstances.

The wool market is still fluctuating slightly, but the general tone is the same as for the past few months. One week's report will lead one to believe that the bottom had dropped out of the business and the next will show a slight increase in demand, with buyers looking for choice lots and holders hanging on for slight advances. It would look to a person who reads that the state of the market at present depends a great deal on whether or not the reporter's dinner had digested well before he puts his opinions in writing.

There has never been a winter in the history of the cattle industry of the southwest that was so favorable to that interest as the present has been up to date. There has only been one light snow and shipments have been continuous. At this season of the year the cattlemen are generally in his winter quarters planning for the spring roundups, but this winter he is still on the range, gathering cattle for shipment to market. Cattle are in excellent condition, grass is good, and the prospects for the spring crop are all that could be desired.

GENERAL LEE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR.

There Were Cabbage and Bacon, but the Bacon Was Only Borrowed.

As the fortune of war has favored his larger, through some skillful foraging of Ephraim, a negro, who was his faithful cook, body servant and waiter—three gentlemen in one—General Lee invited several officers to dine with him on Christmas day, 1864. The lucky recipients of the timely invitation were five in number, all officers of distinction, among them Generals Longstreet, Gordon and Kershaw. They were all on time when the dinner was called. It was served on a rough pine table, without a cover, in General Lee's weather beaten tent. It consisted of boiled cabbage, and eight or ten boiled sweet potatoes, and a dish of rice cooked dry. The piece de resistance, which indeed the knightly guests found it hard to resist, was a small bit of fat bacon, about 3 inches square, that lay on top of the large cabbage. Now, bacon was as rare in the Confederate camp at that time as rice was in the northern hill-tops in December. You can imagine, therefore, the self restraint exercised by each guest as they declined to turn a slice of the delectable meat proffered by their host, who held the carving knife and fork ready to cut and help.

It was observed that when the general, after helping to the cabbage, said to the guest whose plate Ephraim had cut, "Allow me to help you to a slice of the bacon?" the devoted old servant's hand trembled greatly. In fact, he seemed to be in a state of decided fright. The high military rank of the guests would not account for his trepidation, for he daily served near a master who thrashed them all. There was no splendor left in the traces of faded gold lace on their battle stained uniforms to daunt his eyes and cause them to reel about and glance from bacon to guest, and from guest to bacon, as each answered the half question with the words, "No, thank you, general." The discomposure of the serving man was all the more striking from his contrast with the serene, self poised dignity of his benign master.

Dinner over, the general and his guests retired to the tent, but as they passed out General Lee turned and said in a low tone, "Ephraim, we have another cabbage, have we not?"

The answer was, "Yes, sah, Mass Bob. We's got another cabbage, sah."

"Then, Ephraim," said the general, "have the piece of bacon to cook with that cabbage."

The prompt and decisive reply, "No, sah, Mass Bob. I can't do dat! I jib borrow dat piece of bacon for essamin from a friend ober dar in Richmond, and I done gib up my parole ob honor dat I'll gib him back dat same bacon what I borrow."

The general, who could not be a party to any man's violation of his parole of honor, consented at once to the return of the bacon that had so successfully run the gamut of six hungry dinners. He must have reflected, too, on the extremity of his fortunes that led to the borrowing of a part of his Christmas dinner on the hard condition that it should be returned untouched. His New Year's dinner was still more meager. I judge, from what he indicated to General Grant next day.

A flag of truce had been sent into the Confederate lines with an inquiry regarding a Union officer who had been wounded and taken prisoner, and the officer who bore it, after stating its object, said, "General Lee, I am directed by General Grant to give you his compliments and to say that he is thoroughly informed as to all your movements, and even knows what you had for dinner yesterday."

General Lee took the pleasantries in good part and answered, "Please, captain, present my compliments to General Grant and say that I must doubt the correctness of his information, for I know him to be a humane man, and if he had known what I had for my dinner he would have sent me a part of his own."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Bridal Bouquet.
A German horticultural journal is responsible for this story about a bridal bouquet: A certain schoolteacher in the town of Konitz had ordered a bouquet for his wedding day, stipulating that it should not cost more than 4 marks (\$1), but not designating what kind of flowers should be selected. It was in the autumn, when hot-house flowers were few and dear, so the florist composed it of white dahlias, but the bride and her family declaring that these flowers were unfit for the purpose the schoolteacher returned the bouquet to its maker and refused to pay for it.

The florist then sued him, but the decision of the schoolmaster was sustained in court, in accordance with the testimony of experts in matters of taste whom he had called in and who echoed the opinion of the bride.

A similar result followed upon an appeal to a higher court, despite the testimony of experts summoned by the florist, and the florist was ordered to pay the costs of the suit, amounting to 300 marks.

A Furious Artesian Well.
A furious artesian well was struck in Chamberlain, S. D., a few months ago. At first, it sent out 8,000 gallons of water in a minute, but later the flow more than doubled. Water is forced through the pipe so vigorously that the solid eight inch stream is thrown over 14 feet into the air. The famous well at St. Augustine, Fla., is the only well in the country which approaches this in force and quantity of flow.—New York Ledger.

Rhe West.
Principal of Young Ladies' Seminary.—No, Miss Dodge, I cannot allow you to drive with Mr. Nussan this afternoon. You know our rules are that no young lady shall drive with a man unless she is engaged to him.

Miss Dodge.—I know, but I hope to be engaged before we get back.—Princeton Tiger.

Distressing Aids.
"How long," says a contemporary, "can one live without air?" It depends on the air. Most people could live a long time without some of the airs which have been popular during the past 12 months.—Buffalo Quips.

Impressive Typing.
Miss Wayback—Say, maw, there's Mrs. Finestille comin to call.

Mrs. Wayback—Harry up stairs, an' w'en she knocks just open the window an' look out to see who it is. We'll let her know we're rather particular about whom we admit.—New York Weekly.

THE MECCA OF LEISURE.

A Place For Wealthy People Who Desire Comfortable Indolence.

Washington is rapidly becoming a favorite place of residence for people who have made fortunes elsewhere, and who are desiring the remainder of their lives to having a good time in a quiet way. There is a large colony of such families, and they contribute enormously to the general stock of elegant and comfortable indolence for which the city is noted. Then there are the retired army and navy officers. Their names are legion, and Washington is their favorite place to live. You see them in great numbers in the clubs, on the thoroughfares, in society. Nor must the widows be overlooked. There are more widows in Washington than in any other city in this country, also for size. The widows of public men, of army and navy officers, of private citizens in all ranks of life, gravitate to the Capital City as the pleasantest place they know of to pass the autumn of life.

The diplomatic corps comprises several hundred more or less idle and fashionable men and women. Literary and scientific men, especially those enjoying income and independence from inherited or other sources, are numerous in Washington. Always the city contains thousands of visitors attracted by the peculiar interest which attaches to the seat of government.

Is it any wonder that we have here an ease loving and an ease enjoying population? Are you surprised that Washington laziness has become proverbial throughout the country? Do you marvel that our streets and avenues are riddled in which comfortableness, fashion, superficiality, even insincerity, are constantly displayed?

The street life of Washington is always interesting. The good dressing gives an air of elegance to the thoroughfares, which, with their famous shade trees and pavements smooth and clean as a floor, are themselves elegant. The number of noted men and beautiful women to be seen in any given walk or drive adds to the charm of the scene. The bicycles, numbered literally by thousands, add the spice of rapidity and whirl to a picture that might otherwise lack somewhat of action.—Washington Letter.

She Wasn't His Wife.

The men got into a street car comfortably filled and crowded into a seat next to a sharp faced woman in the corner. He squeezed her up against the end of the car, took out a newspaper, and shoving it half across her face began to read. She stood it for about five minutes.

"Excuse me," she said then, "are you a married man?"

He dropped his paper and looked at her.

"Yes," he replied curtly. "I thought so," she went on. "Ain't your wife a little woman that won't impose on her all you want to? I suppose she carries in the coal, builds the fires, gets your slippers, does the marketing, mends your clothes, tends to the children, submits like a lamb when you find fault and is generally an excellent wife, ain't she?"

"Madam," he began.

"Don't say a word," she interrupted. "I'm not your wife, am I?"

"No, and I'm not."

"That's all right. And as I'm not I don't propose to have you sitting down on me and crowding me up in this corner till I can't breathe without wheezing like a steam engine. Why don't you get out and walk?" and the passenger snickered so that he did.—Detroit Free Press.

Found Them Lovable.

"I suppose transcriptions are very common now," said she innocently as she settled back in her favorite rocking chair after dinner.

"Oh, yes," he said, "they're quite a necessity in every line of business."

"You have one," she asked.

"Yes, indeed," he replied as he hastily looked over the evening paper. "I'd feel lost without one."

"Lighten your work, does it?" "Lighten it? Why, it makes it an absolute pleasure. I wouldn't be without one for the world."

"Saves time, too, I suppose?" "It makes it pass so rapidly that you hardly notice it."

"How much does a good typewriter cost, John?"

"Oh, not much," he said absently. "You can get a rattling pretty one for \$12 or \$13 a week."

Before he had time to read the first sentence of the article he had started on he was suddenly jarred into consciousness of the fact that wife was referring to machines, not operators, and that somehow he had made a serious mistake.—Chicago Post.

Peg Tankards.

The pegging or marking of drinking cups was introduced by St. Dunstan to check the intemperate habits of the times by preventing one man from taking a larger draft than his companions. But the device proved the means of increasing the evil it was intended to remedy, for, refined upon St. Dunstan's plan, the most abominable were required to drink precisely to a peg or pin, whether they could soberly take such a quantity of liquor or not. To the use of such cups may be traced the origin of many of our popular phrases. When a person is much elated, we will say, "He is in a merry pin," and "He is a peg too low," when he is not in good spirits. On the same principle we talk of "taking a man down a peg" when we would check forwardness.—Sala's Journal.

An Active Mind.

Fond Mother.—My boy has a very active mind, don't you think?

Teacher.—Assuredly. I wish you could hear the dear little fellow talk when he gets caught at something and tries to make me believe that he didn't do it.—Good News.

Cromwell and the Specter.

The stories of the "White Lady" that periodically visits the German royal family and of the "Little Red Man" that frequently paid his respects to the great Napoleon, are tolerably well known, especially that of the former. But few perhaps are familiar with the story of Cromwell's "Giant Specter." It appeared to him one night when he was wide awake and quietly resting on his couch. In appearance the apparition was a woman of gigantic proportions. Approaching him, she announced in tones like thunder, "Within the year you, my son, will be recognized as the greatest man in Britain."

EUROPE'S WAR CLOUD.

It Is Now Much Larger Than a Man's Hand and Throws a Shadow Over England.

The time has come to describe the prevailing naval panic in England as a genuine war scare. A fear amounting to conviction has seized certain Englishmen, who believe the coming spring will see Great Britain at war with one or more great powers. The sources of information and the judgment of some of these persons entitle their opinions to respect. They include some prominent members of the Conservative party and the editors of certain leading newspapers. Some slight weakness in the consoling suggestion that the impression may be spreading to financial circles.

Whether these sinister forebodings are based solely upon facts and reasons known of all men it is impossible to say. Some ground for apprehension must exist when the conservatism of English journalists is so far overcome as to lead the management of at least one great London daily to undertake extensive preparations for a European war in the coming spring. More than one editorial office in Fleet street is getting ready for a campaign. No editor has yet been foolish enough to express his fears in print. They confine themselves, especially the Tory journals, to describing in the gloomiest language the dangers which would impend if war should find England unprepared. The situation in the newspaper world proves at least the sincerity of the alarmist Tory press in promoting a naval panic. This agitation and probably other causes have already had an important effect.

There is of course no thought of Great Britain being the aggressor in the proposed quarrel. The prophets of war profess to believe that Russia and France will take advantage of any provocation to draw the sword against England, and will seek to crush her by a series of sudden blows before Germany or the triple alliance can find an excuse for joining in the war. They say that in spite of England's professions of neutrality, both France and Russia are convinced that she will, on some pretext, go to Germany's assistance when the inevitable continental war breaks out. Therefore, the new allies argue, they might as well deal with England first and alone if possible.—London Letter.

WINS HIS WIFE AT LAST.

Married a Fourteen-year-old Girl in 1891 Whose Father Has Held Her Since.

After twenty months of anxious waiting and watching Evan A. Cochran has gained possession of what he considers a treasure. A bright eyed, rosy cheeked wife of 17 summers. Cochran married Miss Mary Conley, the 14-year-old daughter of Samuel W. Conley, in 1891. Conley has kept vigil over his daughter ever since, guarding her at the point of a shotgun. Conley had Cochran indicted in the Putnam superior court for kidnapping.

The case was carried to the supreme court and the decision reversed, that tribunal holding that Cochran could claim his lawful wife with her consent and that Conley could not prevent him from so doing. Nevertheless, Conley had the girl, and Cochran could not get her away from the paternal roof. Cochran was granted a writ of habeas corpus for the possession of his wife, and the case was set for trial before his honor Judge H. W. Baldwin of the county court Saturday morning. A large crowd was in the courtroom. The girl looking white as beside Sheriff Sears. Colonel Emerson George appeared for the plaintiff, and Colonel Q. L. Winford represented the defendant. Mrs. Winford and Conley and the girl held a consultation. The girl told her father she would go with her husband.

Conley came back into the courtroom, his face flushed and showing suppressed excitement. "Judge," said he, "dismiss the case. I will not detain her further if she desires to go." Turning to his daughter, the irate father jerked off her hat and marched out of the courtroom. "Mr. Sheriff, call Mr. Conley back," said Judge Baldwin. He was brought into court, and the judge told him he had acted very unbecomingly in court, and that he could either pay a fine of \$10 or apologize to his daughter then and there and restore to her the hat which he had so rashly snatched from her head. Conley said he would not apologize, but would pay the fine. The case was then dismissed. The bride and groom received the hearty congratulations of a number of friends present. The happy couple walked down to a millinery store, where the groom had the pleasure of buying his wife a new bridal hat. Thus a lover who has but one eye and one leg wins a rather pretty wife after 83 long months of weary waiting, watching and scheming.—Madison (Ga.) Letter.

The Papal Funds.

The Rome correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle says that arrangements are being made in Paris for the eventual investment of the papal funds and the transfer of the Vatican treasures, in the event of war, to a place of safety. The property of the propaganda will be specially protected by mortgage if necessary. The pope desires, on patriotic grounds, not to remove the papal funds from Italy, but the report of the committee of cardinals tends decidedly toward the investment of the funds in England.

This country has become within three decades one of the most important olive consuming countries of the world. When olives were first imported into the United States, they were a luxury of the rich. They are still consumed in cities rather than in the country districts, and New York, with its great population of people from the Mediterranean regions, is of all American cities by far the greatest consumer of olives.—Chicago Herald.

from the chest, yawn and weakness peculiar to womanhood caused by Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. First it cures them, then it cures them. Have a little patience, please. If they're serious. The troubles that come slowly have to go slowly; but go they will, if you faithfully use the

"Prescription," and they'll go permanently. For every "female complaint" and derangement, or in any "run-down" and exhausted condition of the female system, this medicine is the only remedy to rely on and certain that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in the case of every tried or afflicted woman, she'll have her money back. Chorea, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervous and General Debility, Sleeplessness and kindred ailments promptly relieved and cured by it.

A certain and lasting cure, for the worst Catarrh in the Head, is guaranteed by the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

W. L. JACKSON & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—

DRUGS, Medicines and Toilet Articles.

Foreign and Domestic Cigars.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day and night.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

Flour, Hay and Grain by Wholesale and Retail
SILVER CITY FLOUR
MAY
JUNE
Only Exclusive Flour, Hay and Grain Store in the City.
M. K. WHITE, Prop'r.

J. A. KEMMIS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Bullard Street. Silver City, N. M.

J. H. MATTHEWS

MATTHEWS & BLACK.

SILVER CITY, N. M. BOX 270.

MINES EXAMINED.

Advice Given on Treatment of Ores.

Crucible Assays made by the Most Reliable Method.

Office—Main Street, Adjoining Tremont House.

W. C. PORTERFIELD

Carries the Largest Stock of

Drugs - Paints - Oils

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Books, Stationery

and Druggists' Sundries in New Mexico.

BOTTOM PRICES.

El Paso Saddlery Co.,

400 El Paso Street, El Paso, Texas.

SADDLES, HARNESS, GUNS, PISTOLS, AMMUNITION AND

A Kind of Saddlery Hardware and Ranch Supplies.

LARGEST DEALERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Our Leather Goods are made expressly for the Frontier and are unsurpassed, and we cannot be beaten in Low Prices. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS.

Cosgrove & Brownell,

(Successors to JOHN S. SWIFT.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, HAY AND GRAIN.

Silver City, New Mexico.

JOHN BROCKMAN, President, THOS. F. CONWAY, Vice-President, J. W. CARTER, Cashier

35139

SILVER CITY NATIONAL BANK,

of SILVER CITY, N. M.

CAPITAL PAID IN, \$50,000.00.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

DIRECTORS:

JOHN BROCKMAN, MAX SCHUTZ, T. F. CONWAY, HARRY BOOTH

J. W. CARTER.

Gold dust purchased and advances made on shipments of cattle, gold and silver bullion, ores, etc. Superior facilities for making collections on accessible points at par for customers. Exchange on the principal cities for sale.

H. S. GILLET & SON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

[C. G. KIDD & CO'S OLD STAND]

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

G. M. Foraker. J. B. White.

Broadway Corral,

FORAKER & WHITE, Props.

Livery Feed and Sale Stables.

HORSES BOUGHT, SOLD AND TRADED

Main Street, Silver City, New Mexico.

SILVER CITY AND MOGOLLON

Fast Freight and Passenger Line.

Lv. Silver City every Thursday 7:00 a.m.—Ar. Mogollon every Friday... 7:00 p.m.

Lv. Mogollon every Monday... 9:00 a.m.—Ar. Silver City every Monday... 8:00 p.m.

Passenger Fare \$8.00 Strictly in Advance; Frt. 3c. per Pound

Stop at Higgins' at night both ways.

W. M. Murphy, Prop.